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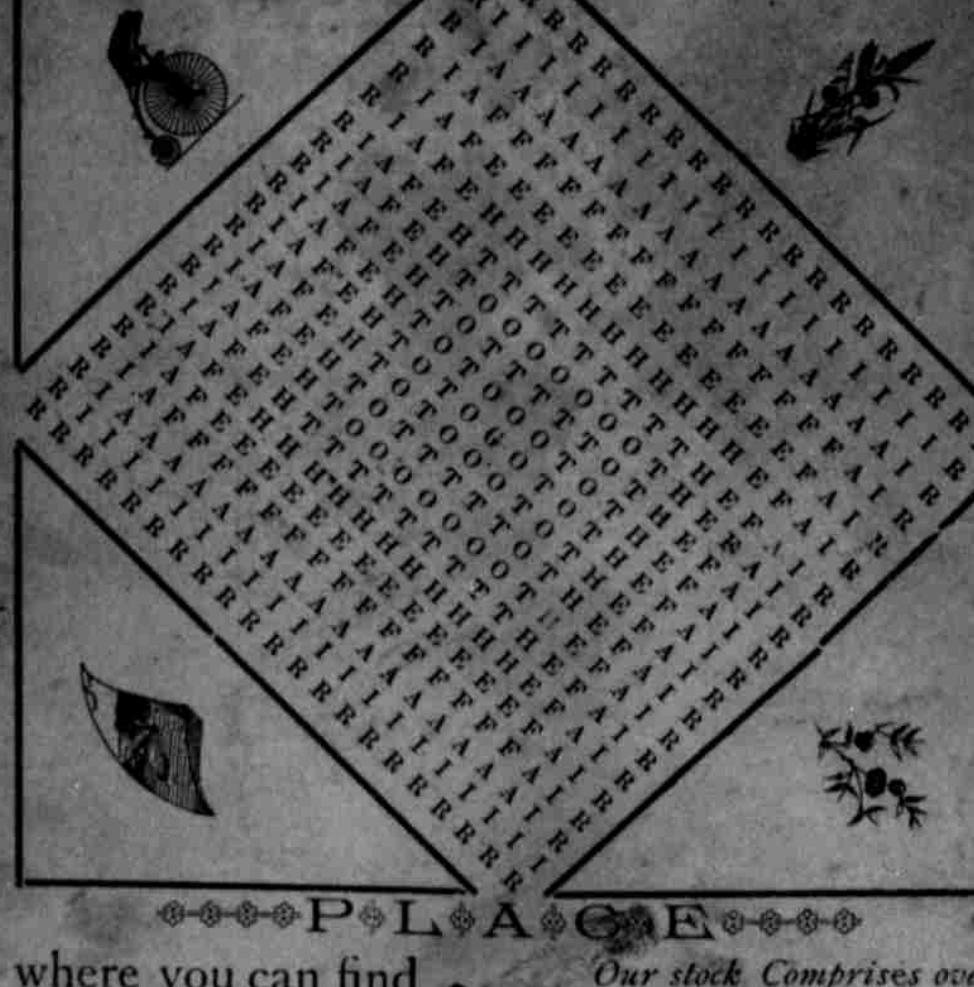
C. M. KINSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1.

CRYSTAL FALLS, IRON COUNTY

5,000

WAYS LEADING FROM THE CENTER AND EVERY ONE WILL LEAD YOU TO THE



• • • • • POLARISATION • • • • •

where you can find

5,000

NOVELTIES FOR

Christmas PRESENTS

—WHICH—
you can buy for a good deal less
than anywhere else within

5,000

miles.

MENOMINEE RANGE BRANCH
C. & N.W. R.R.

TIME TABLE.

No. 5 passenger departs..... 7:00 a.m.
No. 8 " arrives..... 7:50 p.m.
No. 18 accommodation arrives..... 12:45 p.m.
No. 21 " departs..... 1:25 p.m.
No. 5 connects with No. 6 at Stager for Waukeeshiek and Ashland and at Powers with No. 1 for Escanaba and north and No. 4 for Milwaukee and Chicago. No. 21 connects with No. 3 at Powers for Escanaba and north and with No. 2 for Milwaukee and Chicago.

J. F. REDFIELD, Agent.

POST OFFICE. Daily mail for Mastodon, Florence, Stambaugh and Iron River closest at 12:50 p.m. Daily mail for north and range closes at 9:00 a.m. Daily mail for south and range closest at 12:50 p.m. Mail from south arrives at 12:50 p.m. Mail from north arrives at 8:10 p.m. Justice hours from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Sunday 9:00 a.m. to 12:10 p.m. to 1:10 p.m.

A. A. MEDALEY, P. M.

COURT TERMS: Judge Claudius B. Grout has set the terms of the Circuit court of the twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit of Michigan for the years 1888-9, as follows: Delta county—The First Tuesday in January, second Tuesday in May, First Tuesday in September. Iron Co.—Second Wednesday in January, first Tuesday in May, second Wednesday in September. Menominee county—Fourth Monday in Jan., 2d Tuesday in April, first Tuesday in September, 2d Tuesday in November. Marquette county—2d Tuesday in February. Third Monday in May, third Wednesday in September, first Monday in December. Dated Oct. 25, 1887.

IRON COUNTY OFFICERS: J. S. McLean, sheriff; P. E. Dunn, county clerk and register of deeds; C. T. Crandall, prosecuting attorney; H. J. Hough, treasurer; Chas. Gallagher, probate judge; E. P. Lott, circuit court commissioner; F. G. Clark, surveyor; L. A. Fredericks and Chas. Bush, coroners; Ralph Prince, under-sheriff; Crystal Falls; William Michaels, deputy sheriff; Metropolitan; L. H. McQuown, deputy sheriff; Iron River and Stambaugh.

CRYSTAL FALLS township officers: Wm. Doucet, supervisor; A. Lustfield, clerk; Geo. J. Schwartz, treasurer; Wm. H. Hooper, school inspector; Dan Urquhart, highway commissioner; Wm. McCarty, Al. Austrian, John Morrison, justices of the peace; Jacob Binder, overseer road district No. 1; Ralph Prince, overseer road district No. 2; Orlando Peterson, overseer road district No. 3; John Dolan, David Prince, Henry Delorme, Chas. C. Searing, constables; Dr. H. C. Kimball, health officer; Dr. A. A. Metcalf, poor physician.

MASTODON township officers: C. T. Roberts, supervisor; Frank Scadden, clerk; Phillip C. Butts, treasurer.

IRON RIVER township officers: Archie B. McKinnon, supervisor; Thos. H. Flanagan, clerk; Alex McCullough, treasurer.

BATES township officers: Charley Olson, supervisor; Ferdinand L. Kleyensteuber, clerk; Olaf Holmgren, treasurer.

STAMBAUGH township officers: Wm. F. Nesbitt, supervisor; Henry Lyne, clerk.

FELCH township officers: Henry M. Atkinson, supervisor.

GERMANIA MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY. Meets every first Sunday in each month, in the afternoon, at Willering's club rooms. The German speaking people cordially invite to attend. W. H. Willering, president; Herman Hau, secretary.

OUR PENINSULA.

WONDERFUL GROWTH AND GREAT RICHNESS.

The Land of Gladys—A Little Strip Over which the Lamp was Rubbed—Described Once as Worthless—It is now the Richest Land in the United States. Shooting the Rapids at Sault Ste. Marie—Many Men made Rich—An Interesting and Instructional Article.

The tale of the Upper Peninsula is a fairy story, and it is only very recent years that Aladdin's lamp was held over it and its marvelous riches revealed.

It is a leg-of-mutton shaped piece of territory, bounded by the majestic and foggy Lake Superior on one side, and by Lake Michigan on the other, and separated by the Mackinac straits from the upper part of the lower peninsula of Michigan, and by the Sault Ste. Marie rapids from the British provinces.

Not very many years ago Michigan didn't want it tacked on to her territory and tossed it over to Wisconsin. That state wouldn't have it either by coaxing or threats; so it was, so to speak, shuttled back and forth, like a bad penny. It was regarded as a dreary waste land; as a project from the arctic regions, damp with mists of the lakes in summer, and mercury-free in winter. And so the dirty Chippewa Indians, their feet pleasure, white men, gorging the venison and dollar-a-j summer, and with jerk winter.

At last Michigan consented to territory as a poor relation into the family, and the legislature to make the best of a bad bargain.

There were some slight recompenses. Wise sportsmen heard stories of the opportunities for glorious sports that were to be found in the immense forests, and the most tempting tales of trout streams were wafted to the ears of anglers of the east. Stories were told of the perilous and exciting sports that might be had by shooting the rapids of the Sault Ste. Marie, or the Soo, as the stream is universally known in Michigan. A party of venturesome gentlemen went up from Detroit to try it. Some of them made their wills. Some prevaricated about the purpose of the exposition. They were taken by the Indians into the narrowest and most cranky of canoes and told to sit flat on the bottom, one man and one Indian in each boat; the Indian took his place at the stern with a paddle. The white man sat down on the bottom with his hands firmly gripping the sides of the canoe. Then the canoe was paddled out to the place where Lake Superior ends and the Sault begins, the prow turned southward, and the current undertook the rest of the business. No reluctance was manifested on the part of the current. It was smooth, but treacherously rapid. It was like gilded sin, most alluring, but impelling its victim on to whirlpools and rapids. By and by there came little ripples around the sides of the boat, and little bits of white caps, like those of a summer sea in a light breeze. Like a thing of granite, red men, with eyes fixed far ahead, with paddles fixed in an iron grip in the water, gave a word of caution, whose meaning was made plain by the accent and imperious tone rather than by the word itself, and charged the white man to be steadfast. White man's grip just tightened on the sides of the canoe, and he wished he was ashore and in the busy marts of Detroit.

But little time had white man for thought. The white caps began to curl and hiss and foam. Sunken rocks threw off fountains of vapor with snappish energy. Billows buried themselves against walls of water ahead, and curled in upon themselves with fringes of angry and hogry bubbles. Some of the waves receded as if frightened at their own speed, and burst like colossal soap bubbles, with most gorgeous prismatic iridescence. The whole gamut of sound was echoed and re-echoed by these everlasting musicians of nature, but the dominant chord was a minor key, and the great forests on either side tossed it back and forth with awful and mournful energy. Sometimes a great billow would rise just before the canoe, as if to taunt the blanched face before it, and then seemed to spit upon the face, and in the effort was dissipated and disappeared, while the foam fastened itself upon the form and face and enveloped it.

Down he went to Penobscot, the veteran lumberman told them of the giant without a knot being cut, and whose fibre was lumber would be worth more in the market than a knot in it.

Millions of millions of dollars best pine in sight in the desolate Peninsula was the story that led to civilization. Then the stumps appeared. There was the boss

them, Henry C. Thurber, big footed, ed, pork-fed, hardy lumberman

began to tread these forests they came out of them, the

whilst, but the imprudent

big as dollars, as they told,

the soft pine trees, millions

stately pines four, five, and

diameter, ten or twelve times

height, with pine so soft that a

cut it, sound as a lumberman's

and without a knot in it.

Millions of millions of dollars

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Pennsylvania mighty smart chaps, I

suspected that Mr. Th

Not so a brawny man

and in a short time b

put up, and Celts and

Swiss and French Cana-

men; and even Finland

around huge saw mills c

Pequoquaquoming Bay.

Last year this saw mil

and day; put out nearl

CRYSTAL FALLS, IRON COUNTY

Our stock Comprises over
5,000 Articles

and each and every one is a beauty
and a BARGAIN in itself.

Now this is an important question
and reads what, oh, what, to put

in the stocking.

Now don't be breaking your

\$5,000

head, but go right straight to

The Fair

where the question will be solved
without cost.

A. LUSTFIELD,
Proprietor.

Dressmaking.

The undersigned have opened a First
Class Dressmaking Establishment and
are now prepared to do all kinds of
Ladies' sewing in general. Satisfaction
guaranteed. We use the Tailor System.

Rooms in I. J. Monroe's building, Fourth
street west.

MRS. D. KITTO.

42-11

MISS OWENS.

Your Patronage Solicited.

Misses Vina and Maud Thouin,

DRESSMAKERS,

SUPERIOR AVENUE,—

Crystal Falls, Mich.

We have decided to offer our services
to any one wanting plain or fancy sew-
ing done. Our work has heretofore given
the highest satisfaction and it is our con-
stant aim to do the best work at the
lowest living prices. Call on us first. 46